

The Inside Outlook



CENTRE OF CRIMINAL JUSTICE

JUL 10 1975

LIBRARY

The
Rat
Race
of
Life

You
Are
in
it!

November 1974,
Volume #2 No. 7,
Brampton, Ont.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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A DEDICATION TO MRS. FRAN KAUTZKY

Then said a teacher, Speak to us of Teaching.

And he said:

No man can reveal to you aught but that which already lies half asleep in the dawning of your knowledge.

The teacher who walks in the shadow of the temple, among his followers, gives not of his wisdom but rather of his faith and his lovingness.

If he is indeed wise he does not bid you enter the house of his wisdom, but rather leads you to the threshold of your own mind.

The astronomer may speak to you of his understanding of space, but he cannot give you his understanding.

The musician may sing to you of his understanding of space, but he cannot give you his understanding.

The musician may sing to you of the rhythm which is in all space, but he cannot give you the ear which arrests the rhythm nor the voice that echoes it.

And he who is versed in the science of numbers can tell of the regions of weight and measure, but he cannot conduct you thither.

For the vision of one man lends not its wings to another man.

And even as each one of you stands alone in God's knowledge, so must each one of you be alone in his knowledge of God and in his understanding of the earth.

ON TEACHING

by Kahlil Gibran

It was with regret that I accepted the resignation of Mrs. Fran Kautzky. Fran has been at Vanier for the past four and a half years and made a tremendous impact on the residents she worked with.

I am sure the residents and staff join me in wishing Mrs. Kautzky the best in her new endeavor at Armagh House and success in her work towards her M.A. from U. of T.

Pat Culver
Principal

A DEEDITION TO MR. FROM KATHRYN

Then said a teacher, Speak to us of Teaching.
And he said:
No man can reveal to you things but that which already
lies half asleep in the hearing of your knowledge.
The teacher who walks in the shadow of the temple, empty
his following, gives not of his wisdom but rather of his
faith and his lovelessness.
It is he indeed who does not bid you enter the house
of his wisdom, but rather leads you to the threshold of your
own mind.
The astronomer may agree to you of his understanding
of space, but he cannot give you the understanding
of the musician may give to you of his understanding of
space, but he cannot give you the understanding of
the musician may give to you of the things which he
all agree, but he cannot give you the things which he
rhythm and the voice that echoes in
And he who is versed in the science of numbers can tell
of the regions of weight and measure, but he cannot conduct
you thither.
For the vision of one who looks out the door to another
man.
And even as each one of you stands alone in his
knowledge, so each one of you is alone in his knowledge
of God and in his understanding of the world.

DEEDITION
TO MR. FROM KATHRYN

It was with sorrow that I reported the meeting of
Mr. From Kathryn. From has been at home for the past four
and a half years and made a tremendous impact on the
residents who worked with him.
I am sure the residents will tell you as in visiting
Mrs. Kathryn the best in her new apartment at Lincoln House
and success in her work for the N. A. from U. of T.

Pat Gutter
Cincinnati

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EDITORIAL

ANXIETY AND HOW TO BEAT IT

Anxiety is a characteristic of Modern Man and is even more basic than emptiness and loneliness. Being "hollow" and lonely would not bother us if we didn't feel that pain called anxiety.

What causes Modern Man to be anxiety ridden?

Below the surface of our Modern Times, beyond the daily news of crimes, violence, civil wars, and threats of nuclear wars, there lies the fact that our whole generation is caught... between two ages, two modes of life, with the consequence that it loses all power to understand itself... It has no standards, no security, no simple answers.

Bertrand Russell says: "The painful thing about our time is that those who feel certainty are stupid and those with any imagination and understanding are confused"

Indeed, How do we cope with such statement?

First of all, What is ANXIETY?

It's a feeling worse than fear---

It's a threat to our physical, moral and psychological life: If you walk across the street, and you see a car coming from one direction, you feel fear. Then, you look in the other direction and see cars coming from there also, you feel panicky. You get the impulse which, hopefully, you control, to run in every direction. After the cars have sped away, you are left with a faintness and hollowness in the pit of your stomach: This feeling is anxiety.

With fear, we know what threatens us and we take steps to overcome the dangers; but with anxiety, we are bewildered, confused, overwhelmed and our perceptions become blurred and vague.

The most common symbol of anxiety is the threat of death. However, we are seldom faced with actual physical death in our modern society---there are no wars near us... but the bulk of our anxiety comes when some value we hold essential to our existence as selves is threatened.

Most of us here, have experienced the painful feeling of being apprehended, brought before justice and ultimately, being incarcerated: Our freedom is first of all threatened, and finally, taken away.

Certain values, be they success, the love of someone, of integrity, of justice, of freedom, are the "core" of the person's reason for living and if such values are destroyed, a person feels that his existence as self may as well be destroyed.

We can sum up ANXIETY into one word: CONFLICT

What hope, if any is there of dealing with it?

Rollo May, in his book "Man's Search for Himself" gives us his optimistic view: As long as there is a conflict, a constructive solution is possible..."

Therefore, we can and should use our anxiety as a source of energy in coping with our present and future situations.

First, we need to face reality in the most honest way possible: stop kidding ourselves: Sure, it's painful! Which surgery isn't?

To take a healthy outlook, we need a healthy body. How can we tackle anything as complex as the human mind if we can't even find the drive to get up and go?---Here, let's take a closer look at our abuses: our mode of life, the way we drink, eat, sleep, work and play. Is it honestly healthy?

After taking constructive steps to regain our physical capacities, we can move on to a goal! the base of our motivation and motorization. And finally, a sense of direction. Like our cottage supervisor likes to say: "There is more than one way to skin a cat; Which is the best way for me?"

And soon, experiences will happen:

- experiencing the consciousness of the true self: our true feelings like: am I angry, upset or hurt?
- experiencing what we really want, not what we should want or want to want: like wanting to want to love our neighbor.
- ultimately, recovering our relations with the subconscious aspects of ourselves, knowing who we really are, not what society, mother, husband or lover wants us to be; knowing and living by our own set of values. Knowing our potential, the limit of our capacities, hearing that little voice inside which points out the danger zones and the moral responsibilities - experiencing re as Being.

All this awareness saves us from two steps which would eventually get us right back into the rut of anxiety:

Over activity and
Over passivity.

Laurie M. G. ...

"Happiness is Sharing"

As Mr. Silverston is our new Deputy Superintendant, I felt that it would be appropriate to pay a visit to him and try to find out what he is all about.

He struck me as being say, quiet, softspoken and patient. He is 26 years of age and is not married. His hobbies include photography, travelling, sports, chess and stamp collecting.

Previous to coming to Vanier he worked in the Indian Community Secretariat of the Ministry of Social Services as Project Co-ordinator.

At the start of the interview, I asked him what made him happy. He replied that he is no different than others in this respect. Having successfully accomplished a task or having done something positive for others makes him happy. He continued by saying that when you go to a movie alone you may not enjoy it as much as if you had gone with a friend and shared the experience. From this I assumed that Mr. Silverston considers one aspect of happiness to be sharing.

Next, I asked him how he handles himself when he is angry. He replied that most people would like to think of themselves as being calm and collected but that it is not always possible to be seen as such. He believes that when we are frustrated or angry, it is important to realize why, and to be able to control and use our anger constructively.

He has been here only three weeks in which time he has seen people and looked at the various programs. At this time, he sees Vanier as a "still picture and not yet as a movie", he hasn't seen enough to evaluate the program properly, although he DOES like it here.

When asked if he saw any changes he would like made, he replied again that he didn't feel that he has been here long enough and that he doesn't believe in "change for changes sake".

He believes that there is no one way of dealing with or designing a rehabilitative program as there is no such thing as an ideal inmate. Accordingly, he believes a rehabilitative program should be designed in consort to the individual and, of course, the staff. He said that it would be doing a disservice to people to have Society believe that correctional institutions could turn out ideal citizens. He realizes that when we leave here we need defences and barriers. However, it is just as important to realize what these are and why we use these defences. He implies that many people get into difficulties after they leave Vanier simply because they are lonely. If this is true, then we have much to think about. However, as Vanier has a number of facilities that help us to make use of our spare time, we could use this experience when we are on the outside and lonely.

When asked what he considered important in life, Mr. S. replied that people, depending on age and circumstances, have only general conceptions that change as it relates to time. He does not have a fixed plan for the future but does have some short term goals. He says that his goals will probably change, but at the moment his primary objective is to further his education.

"Happiness is Sharing", cont'd. 6

Since some residents are considering becoming correctional officers in the future, I asked Mr. Silverston if he had any advice that he felt would be helpful to them. He said that working with people is difficult as the behaviour is so changeable and the rewards difficult to assess, where as if you are working at a job that is production-orientated, you finish so much in a day and go home. A job working with people is not an eight-hour day, much of your spare time is taken up also and you must have a lot of understanding. In this type of work you can never give someone one last chance for as long as there is hope, there is a possibility for improvement.

Welcome to Vanier, Mr. Silverston!

by Roseann W.

Return to the Promised Land

I think about my home which is many miles away,
I think about the day when I'll return to stay,
To walk upon the land where I'll walk again once more,
To talk to the people who I've talked to before.

To sing it to my family and the country I have roamed,
Can I walk in to your house and call it my home?
Can we forget the ugly past and make a fresh start,
Can you spread out your arms and open up your heart?

I know I've done wrong and should have seen the light,
But people make mistakes and learn from wrong to right.
I can't promise anything to make your dreams come true,
But I'll give all my love and put my thoughts in it too.

Their faces had no colour and the tears in their eyes,
Made me start to wonder about the heaven in the skies.
I tried to sit and talk but when they started to cry
I knew I had to leave; it was time to say good-bye.

So I try not to look back and try to forget the past,
And I can't explain why because it happened all so fast.
Someday they'll start to think and I know they'll understand,
That I'm coming back home to once a promised land.

So please, my people, forgive what I have done.
Think about the heavens and the morning glory sun.
So reach out your hands and whisper all your love;
And then I'll know I've made it to the God up above.

Submitted by
Pat S.

Understanding Stress

Stress affects different people in many different ways. To be completely free from stress would mean to be without life as there is not one function in our bodies that does not produce a certain amount of stress. Did you know that if you are troubled or angry about something, your body is under an equal amount of stress as when you are very happy? Your heart rate and your blood pressure increases in both situations.

One way of decreasing the amount of physical stress, and quite possibly lengthening your life, is to keep in good shape. If you are overweight, for instance, your heart has to beat harder and faster to keep the blood circulating through the extra cells. If your heart is overworked, it is more likely to cause problems. Without the extra weight, the heart does not have to work as hard and this decreases the stress.

The world today, moving at such a fast and ever growing pace, contributes to the normal stresses both physically and emotionally. The fact that most of us are constantly on the go, whether in the world of business, sports, entertainment or whatever, means we continually push ourselves ahead and worry about competition and being accepted. These can all have an adverse effect on us over and above the normal stresses that we must bear if we are to live. They can cause such problems as ulcers, loss of weight, bowel and heart troubles as well as many psychosomatic illnesses, aches and pains.

Suppressed anger can cause the same physical and emotional stress as letting it out, although I feel we must control it to a certain extent. Anger can cause an increase in strength. Did you ever try to open a jar with a tight lid? Did you finally get angry? You probably managed to open it after becoming angry. When we were young and became angry, we did so by breaking something or maybe even by striking out at someone. As we get older we find that expressing our anger in such a manner is frowned upon and we must find outlets for these feelings and thereby eliminate some of the stress.

Stress is something we must cope with. Here are a few suggestions which you might find helpful in dealing with anger and the stress that may result if not dealt with. Channel your stress into activities such as sports, which will enable you to release it. Hobbies, writing, music, and art are only a few that can be very effective. Anger, hostility, and rejection are basic causes of stress. Only by getting at the cause can we minimize the problem and lead a healthier and happier life.

by Roseann W.

STRESS AND RAT RACE

To write about stress and rat race would take pages and pages. It is so much easier to talk about it. How about a little discussion on this subject, eh, folks?

Since we are all more or less in a rat race, rushing here or there in a hurry, I think people will understand me when I feel it is a stress to find time to sit down and write a big article.

Just a little suggestion: If we all would slow down somewhat(which I am still learning to do!), and take things one at a time, we would not be in a rat race nor be under too many stresses.

Heidi Speck
C.O., Invictus

MY ALIBI

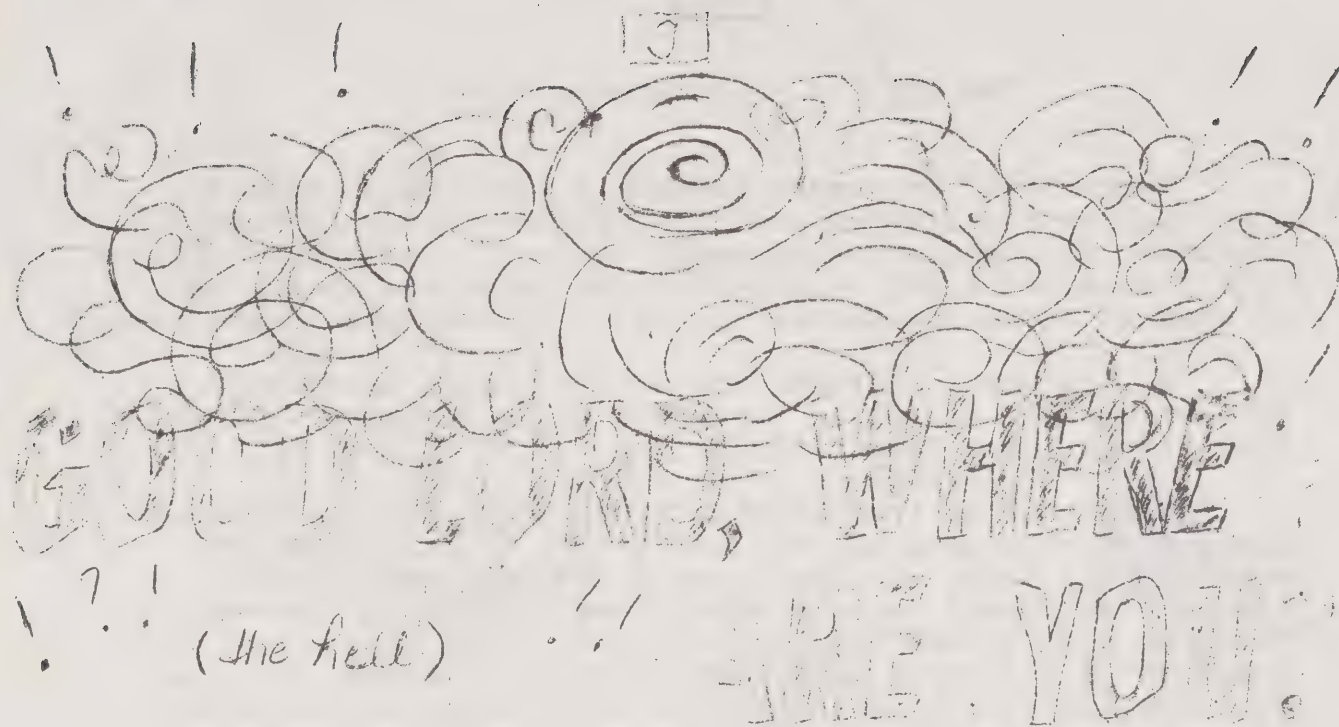
There was no indication that we had done anything wrong or in the way

We don't portend to be perfect
That was never our detention
because we know we have our defections.
However, we can answer you that
they are not catching.
We went to the civic and got our shots
so we are all innurized.
Personally, if I cut a finger, I get it
dressed up, because of the fear of intoxication.
You can't take any chances these days!

I could write a lot more to try to convict you, but I
have too much to do.

It is driving me frenetic!

Pam Thornley
C.O., Invictus



PARAPHRASE ON PSALM 12

O God, help me.
The world is truly going to the dogs.
There is infidelity and deceit on all sides of me.
Every man seems to wear two faces.

And men even boast about their deeds of evil.
They assume that they can talk themselves out
of any corner.
They defy authority and live for themselves alone.

Our God will not forever remain silent.
His voice like thunder will drown out the foolish
boasts of His unfaithful creatures.
"The maligned and the deprived have suffered
long enough," He will say.
"I will rise to their defense and will grant them
My protection."
And what God promises, He will do.

Keep us, great God, from the vile compromises
and the rank complacency of this generation.

Submitted by L. M. C.

The Skyline Hairdressing Show

Educational Temporary Absence Passes really mean an opportunity to enlighten and develop your skills to further ventures. I'm only speaking on my personal feelings of the day out. I received a lot of knowledge and also the waking up of what is happening now as far as hairdressing is concerned.

As you know, haircuts and styles change as quickly as fashions do, and it is important to be on top of all the "in" things these days(smile).

I appreciate the opportunity of being able to see just how important a good haircut really is. I would like to express that today we should put a lot more emphasis on haircutting itself because we achieve our style completely from our cut. I feel that the content of the course was commendable as it not only emphasized the haircut, but also furthered my knowledge in the use of rollers, pin curlers, pipe cleaners, etc., as well as the use of hairblowers and curling-irons now in demand.

I would like to take this opportunity to express my deepest thanks to Mrs. Cromie. You are a great lady, and also very kind and understanding, and really a lot of fun to go out with.

by Louise R.

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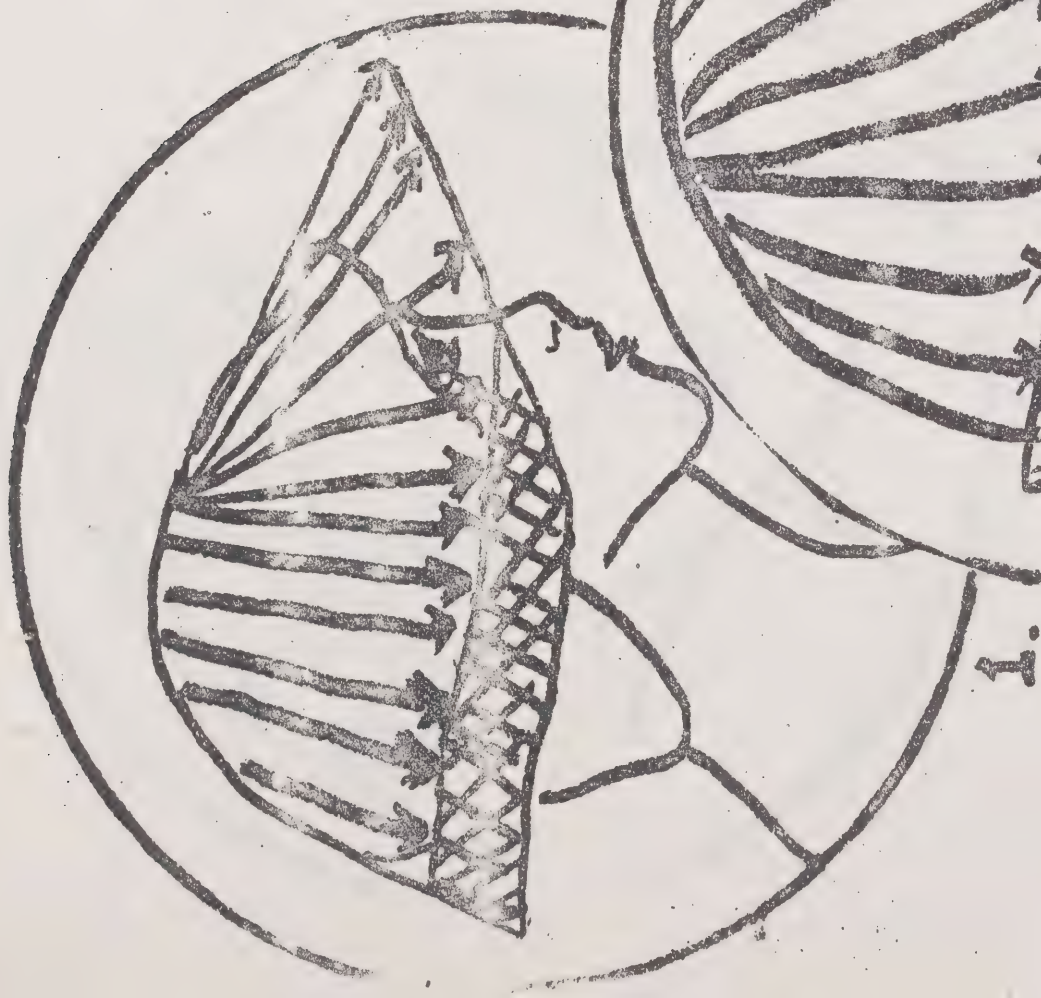
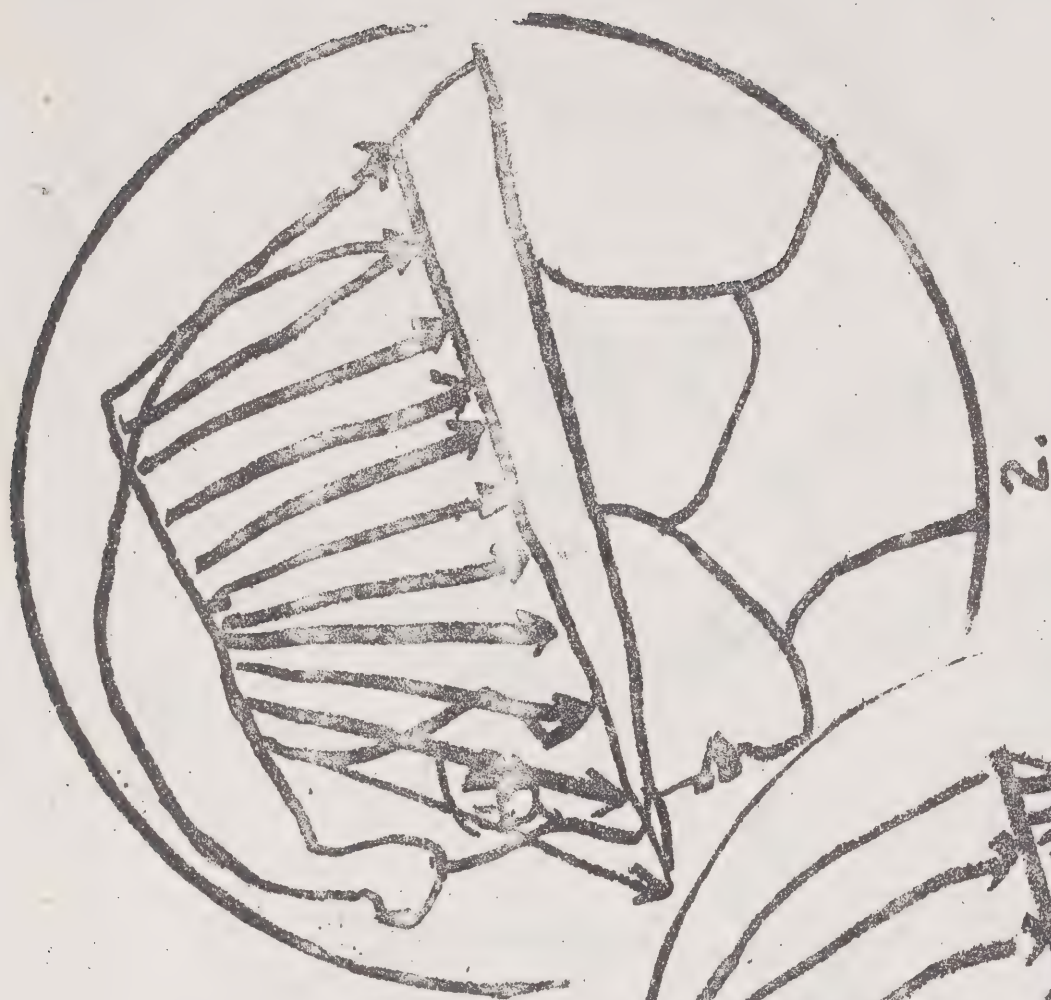
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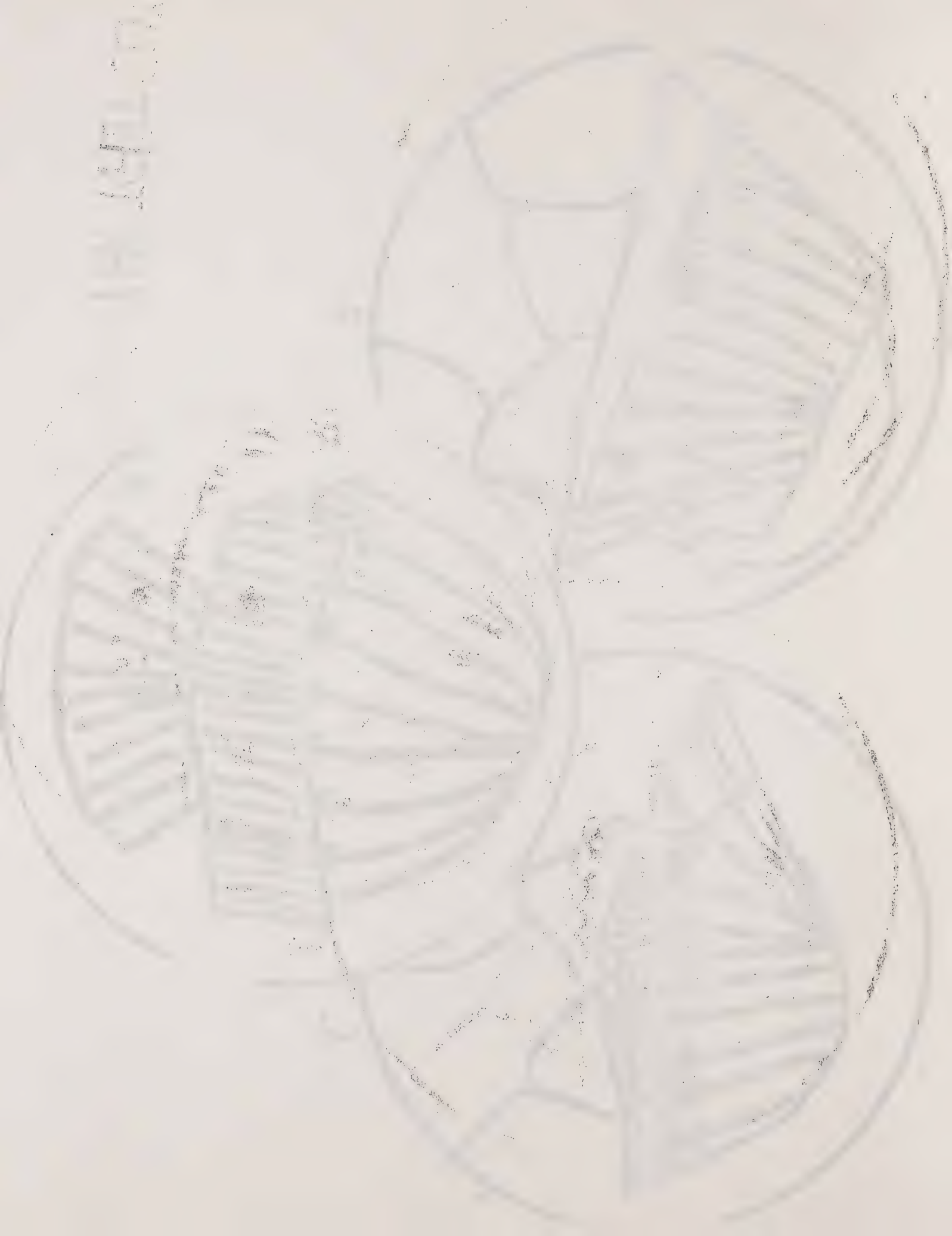


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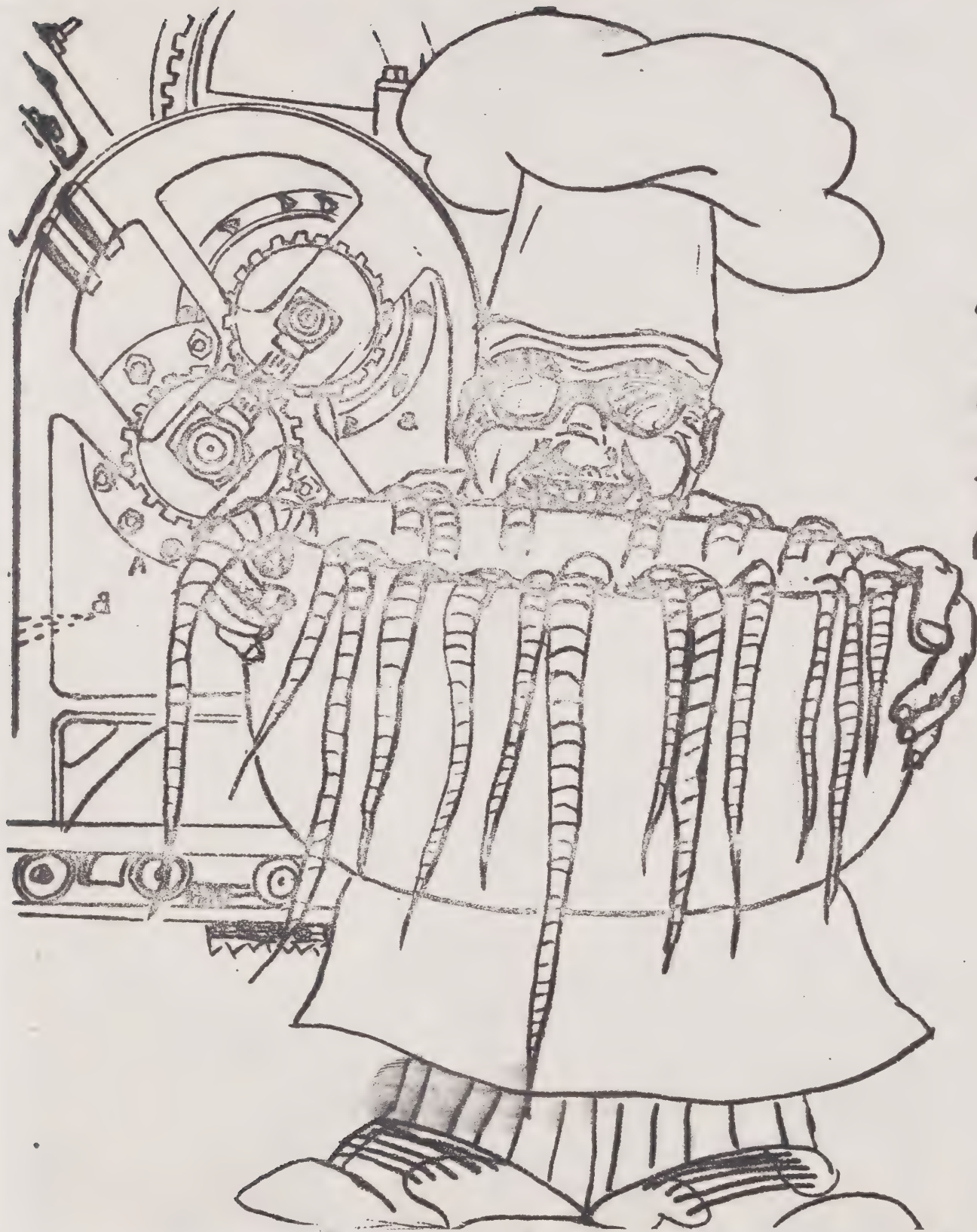
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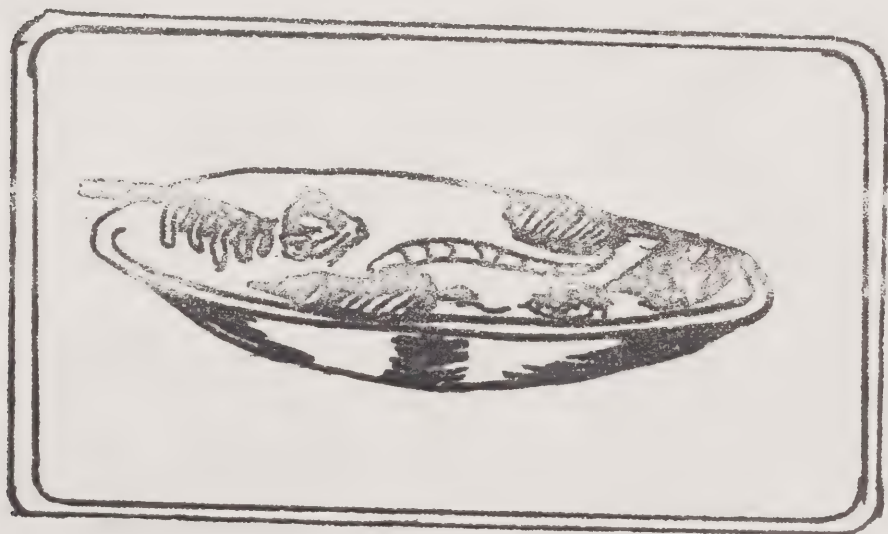




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Rat pie: Recipe

Take four rats (medium size) and lay them on the chopping board. Having first made sure the chopper is freshly sharpened, raising it high above the first rat as you can. Place the rat's neck is well exposed, then bring the chopper down with as much force as possible onto the neck or head of the rat. Then cook it in a pie.



Kathy B.

Lot 6 of Rec 22



Lot 6 of Rec 22

THE LIBRARY PRESENTS.....

NEW BOOKS.....

The Psychology of Women -- in 2 volumes

The Growth and Development of Mothers -- Motherhood as it is--
not as it is supposed to be.

Dollars and Sense -- advice on how to save money.....
on household expenses, on medical bills, cars,
& taxes.

The Longest Cocktail Party -- the latest on the Beatles.

Practical Astrology -- a simple method for casting horoscopes.

Open eye, Open heart -- more poetry by Lawrence Ferlinghetti.

Marjoe -- the superstar of the Evangelists.

The Fifty-Minute Hour -- by Robert Lindner.

AND IN FICTION.....

"Dealing or The Berkeley-to-Boston Forty-Brick Lost-Bag Blues"

The Glass Bead Game, by Hermann Hesse

Barnett Frummer is an Unbloomed Flower

Hail to the Chief - an 87th precinct Mystery

The Woman from the Glen -

The Woman from the Glen - the story of the struggle
to bring Bonnie Prince Charlie to the British throne.

WATCH FOR

Ultimatum, by Richard Rohmer

Banco, by Henri Charriere - author of Papillon

Inside Intuition, by Flora Davis - what we know about non-
verbal communication

Sun-Sign Revelations - more astrology

Anger in Love, by Samuel Southard

and

Woman's Fate - raps from a feminist consciousness-
raising group.

BOOK REVIEW - WORLDS IN COLLISION

I expect many readers will have read "WORLDS in COLLISION" by Emmanuel Velikovsky, originally published in 1950. It is now available in a paperback by Dell, who claim it is the most discussed book of our time. I can't imagine where I have been all these years, but it certainly deserves this attention. It is more than a fascinating--book, it is a new experience, and I am sure glad I haven't missed it altogether.

Before reading "WORLDS in COLLISION", I believed the writers of the Bible to be people with wild imaginations, and the prophets likewise. Now I read astonishing evidence that the calamities described in Exodus, for instance, not only happened locally as pictured, but were world-wide disasters. These events did not belong to prehistory but are part of history, remembered in folk tales and written records, available all over the earth, from China and Japan to Mexico. Also we can now explain natural phenomena which have hitherto been unaccountable mysteries. The prophets were not ignorant, fanciful dreamers trying to frighten and control people, but clever astronomers who studied and comprehended the skies in a manner that can put the majority of present day mankind to shame. In fact, the human brain does not seem to have developed very much at all during the last 4000 years or so.

"WORLDS in COLLISION" is carefully researched--detailing the birth of Venus as a Comet from Jupiter, the clash of the Comet with the earth, causing world-wide devastation, and the changing of the earth's orbit. This made it necessary for all people, all over the globe, who kept calendars to change them. Eventually Venus became a Planet. Mars clashed with both the earth and with Venus, with resulting chaos.

We do not have to agree with the interpretation of the disasters as believed by people who survived, but we can certainly understand why they believed in a wrathful god or gods.

Although the first publishers of "WORLDS in COLLISION" were pressed to ban the book because its shattering revelations upset many traditional scientific beliefs, this extraordinary book is now being accepted in increasing numbers of universities and bodies of learning.

Submitted by;
Pam Thornley
C.O., Invictus

Book Report-

The Chrysalids by John Wyndham

The book begins with the reference to the "Old People" and their understanding that God ruled the world of known ideals.... This story tells of a young boy who discovers through mind reading that the other people of his upbringing have the same ideas about the disfigured members of this world; that they should be the same in all respects.

David's life changes throughout the book. He grows to know how to read people's minds. His own father would rather see David living out of the area in which he was born because of this unusual gift. David makes a discovery; that his young sister has more power than he in reading minds, and that he, with a friend, should leave the area for the badlands.

Things take a turn for the better in the end, due to the fact that there are other people outside that want to help. David and his friends become free to live the way he dreamt about when he was small.

Marcele S.

HOW I THINK VANIER COULD CHANGE

To start off with, I would put all the young ones in one cottage and let them work at their own speed. Vanier should have trained people come in and help residents through this programme until they are ready for the next one.

Another improvement could be having extra C.O.'s work on the cottage. There are some C.O.'s who spend more time with one resident when others need them twice as badly for a problem that could become bigger if not attended to right away.

Maybe this place should have less security and fewer rules to follow. When a resident is ready to leave, she should be transferred to Ingleside. We should have extra medical staff for those who really need help. The fence should be removed so the residents can learn responsibility not to go off the sidewalk and onto the grass. The public can feel safe if we were trusted without the fence.

Linda B.

PUZZLE 48

A DAY IN COURT

ACCUSE	LOGIC
ALIAS	LOSE
ARGUE	MAGISTRATE
ARRAIGN	MOOT
ARREST	OATH
BAIL	OBJECTION
BAILIFF	PARDON
BAR	PAROLE
BENCH	PEERS
BOND	PENAL
CHARGE	PERJURE
CLERK	PLAINTIFF
CLUE	PLEADS
CONDONES	POLYGRAPH
CONFESS	PRECEDENT
CRIME	PRISON
DECISIC	PROBATE
DECREE	PROSECUTE
DEPENDA	REFUTE
DEFENSE	SERVE
DELIBERATE	SHERIFF
FEDERAL	STAND
FINE	SUBPOENA
GAVEL	SUE
GUILTY	SUSPENSE
INFORMER	SWEAR
JAIL	TESTIMONY
JUDGE	THEORY
JURY	TRIAL
JUSTICE	VALID
LAWYER	VERDICT
LENIENT	WITNESS
LIBEL	WRIT

S D A E L P O L Y G R A P H C N E B
 A N D V A R E W R I T R R T U L O A
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 T N A D N E F E D E R A L S E O A N
 C L U E N I F N G I A R R A G C C T
 A E P L L C U S W E A R P A R O L E
 N T A I D E L F I S R E Y W A L E S
 E A A B E E C N T L E B I L H A R T
 O B J E C T I O N S E M I R C A K I
 P O U R R U G D E T A R T S I G A M
 B R D A E P O R S A C C U S E S T O
 U P G T E E L O S N V E R D I C T N
 S R E E P R E C E D E N T H E O R Y

Submitted by
Diane M.

Directions for WORD SEARCH

Pretend you are back in court.

Discover just what might be said at your trial.

Pick out the court room talk.

19



just inhale - no need to pant

Terry G.

Dr. 12/17

1994



First, let's discuss how much you
can afford to be " "

From Terry //

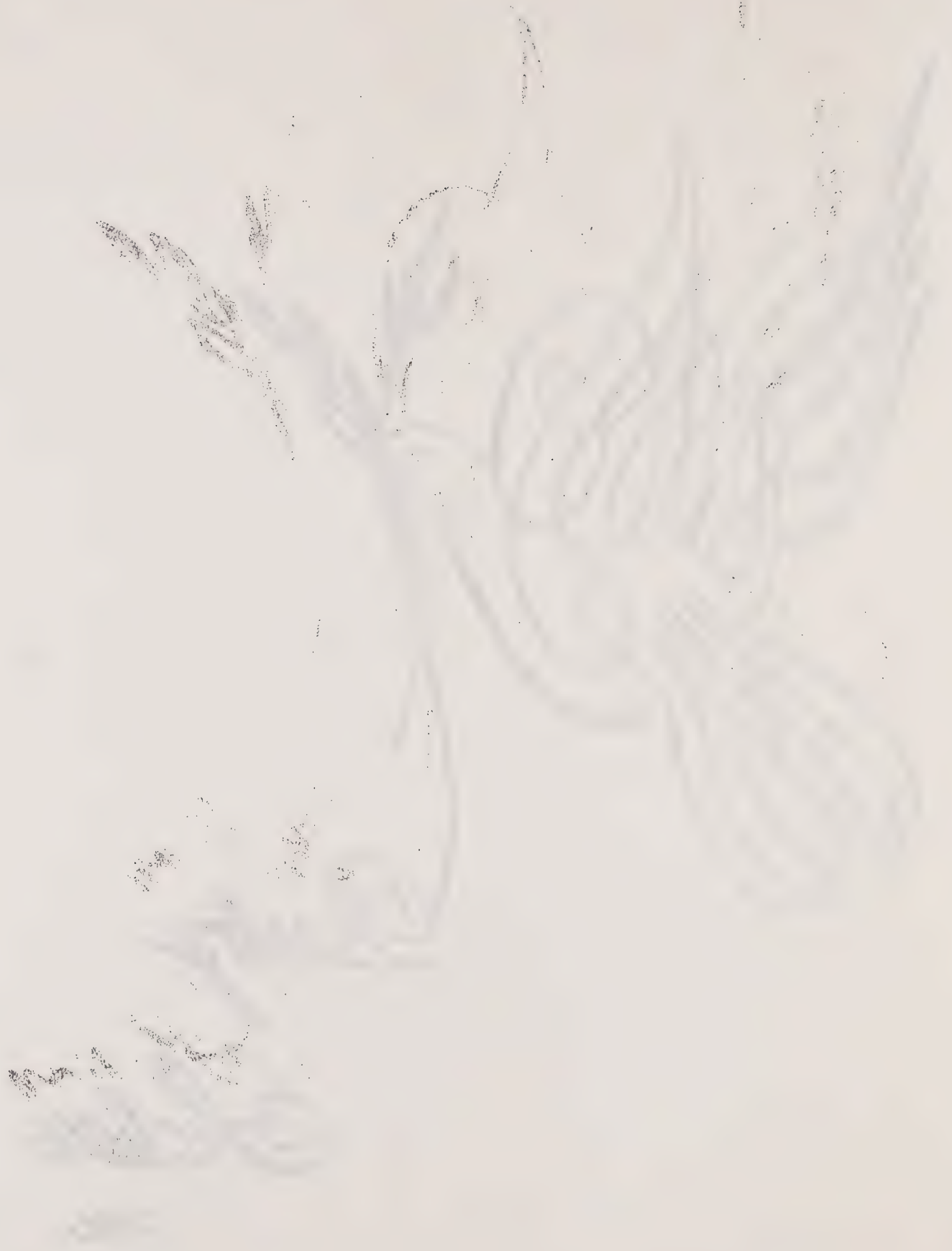




Poetry

Section

hmc.



TO BE ALONE WITH YOU!

To be alone with you
Just you and me,
Now, won't you tell me true,
Ain't that the way it oughta be?
To hold each other tight,
The whole night through,
Everything is always right
When I'm alone with you.

To be alone with you
At the close of day,
With only you in view
While evening slips away,
It only goes to show
That while Life's pleasures be few,
The only one I know
Is when I'm alone with you.

They say that nighttime is the right time
To be with the one you love.
Too many thoughts get in the way in the day,
But you're always what I'm thinkin' of.
I wish the night were here
Bringin' me all your charms,
When only you are near
To hold me in your arms.

I'll always thank the Lord
When my working days are through,
To get my sweet reward
To be alone with you!

By Marilyn St. P.

QUEEN OF QUEENS

You call me Jive time Whitey
Cause I broke your heart
Listen, baby far as I'm concerned,
I could've tore it apart!
Like a bunch of fools, you chumps
Don't stop to realize I am the trump.

I'm Queen of Queens
With a million Kings!

The way I run my game down
There's no way I'll ever quit,
Cause the way I play
Y'all ain't shit!
I'm the baddest chick alive see,
So don't try to Jive me.
I can make a bulldog chase a hound
Even make the preacher lay his Bible down,
I'll even give ya a chance to play
But the game'll still be won my way.
I'll always have the baddest Fling,

I'm Queen of Queens
With a million Kings!

I'll mess up any dude
Eighteen to Eighty
Who thinks they can handle
This bad ass lady.
Y'all can say I ain't nothing but a Tramp
But everyone knows you don't mess with the Champ!

Submitted by
Pam P.

2001 Space Odyssey

This is a fantastic novel on the world of the future.
It leaves you with a complete sense of euphoria and wonder.
It starts at the beginning of time and continues on forever.
It is about extra-terrestrial activities and journeys into
the future as well as one man's time lapse into the past.
A complete and possible trek amidst and beyond our present
system!

Book Report by
Jay G.

Gift of Life - Gift of Death

It seems like many years, but it was only yesterday
When he told me good-by and walked away.
The moon was shining brightly and the perfumes in the air
Made me want to die when we were standing there.

He left me his soul and from my life he walked out
And gave me his heart to know what love was all about.
It's something that I'll keep and something that I'll hold
Because they are far more precious than gold.

I still remember times when he said "I love You",
But the hours are now past and there's nothing I can do.
I can only remember him and the things he has said
But now I must forget and remember he is dead.

And when I think of him I want to shout and scream
And I've got to try and realize that it was just a dream,
I must go on living and I must try
To know he has lived his life; it was his turn to die.

Maybe in another world we'll get to meet again
To free our love so we could just be only friends
To give him back his heart and maybe, we might be
Together again. Lord, take my soul unto thee.

Submitted by
Pat S.

The Fox

Because the snow is deep
Without spot that white falling through white air
Because she flaps a little--bleeds
~~Because she flaps a little--bleeds~~
Where they shot her.

Because hunters have guns
And dogs have hangman's legs

Because I'd like to take her in my arms
And tend her wound

Because she cannot afford to die
Killing the young in her belly

I don't know what to say of a soldier's dying
Because there are no proportions in death.

Written by Kenneth Patchen

Submitted by Lind B.

The Lonely Man

A cat sits on the pavement by the house,
It lets itself be touched, then slides away.
A girl goes by in a hood; the winter noon's
Long shadows lengthen, the cat is grey,
It sits there. It sits there all day, every day.

A collie bounds into my arms! he is a dog
And, therefore, finds nothing human alien.
He lives at the preachers with a pair of cats.
The soft half-Persian sidles to me;
Indoors, the old white one watches blindly.

How cold it is! Some snow slides from a roof
When a squirrel jumps off it to a squirrel-proof
Feeding-station; and a lot and two yards down,
A fat spaniel snuffles out to me
And sobers me with his untrusting frown.

He worries about his yard; post it, it's my affair
If I halt earth in her track - his duty's done,
And the cat and the collie worry about the old one!
They come, when she's out too, so uncertainly.....
It's my block; I know them, just as they know me.

As for the others, those who wake up every day
And feed these, keep the horses, ride away
To work - I don't know them, they don't know me,
Are we friends or enemies? why, who can say?
We nod to each other sometimes, in humanity,

Or search one another's faces with a yearning
Remnant of faith that's almost animal.....
The grey cat just sits there. Surely it is learning
to be a man; will find, soon some a special
Opening in a good firm for a famous cat.

written by Randall Jarrell,
submitted by Linda B.

...Some of our richest days are
those in which no sun shines
outwardly, but so much more a
sun shines inwardly.

THE 2nd

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the 2nd part of the 2nd part, and many

SLIM PICKENS

(f.g.)

When it's night-time on the Skid Road
'Round Cordova Street and Powell,
Then from a darkened doorway
Comes Slim Pickens on the prowl;

The Coppers never see Him--
He's much too slick and sly--
But the dope-fiends, rubs and prostitutes
Will meet him, bye and bye....

He slips into the alleyways
Where drunkards sometimes lie;
He finds 'em by the shadowed walls
Where drunkards sometimes die....

A whisper on a musty stair;
Soft footsteps down the hall:
Cold fingers touch a hollow cheek--
Old Slim has come to call:

"Sleep on, sleep on, young dope-fiend;
Your race is almost run--
You saw but sixteen summers:
Tomorrow you'll see none."

And here, a four-and-twenty whore
All bloody in a bed--
She thought she had a customer....
Slim Pickens came instead.

The Coppers never see him--
He's much too slick and sly--
But the dope-fiends, rubs and prostitutes
Will meet Him, bye 'n' bye....

Old Wino in a doorway
All crumpled in a heap;
Slim has finally got you
And you sold out pretty cheap:

Oblivion in a bottle,
With goof-balls, five or six--
You must have known Old-timer,
That wine and pills don't mix,

You folk along the Skid Road,
You know, ou just can't cheat:
Old Slim is still the Dealer,
And you're on Slim Pickens' beat....

SLIM PICKENS (cont'd - 2)

He finds 'em in the alleyways,
In hallways, on the stairs;
In the sour smell of piss and puke....
He'll seek 'em out somewheres.

The Coppers never see Him--
He's much too slick and sly--
But the dope-fiends, rubs and prostitutes
Will meet him, bye 'n' bye....

and those that ain't quite ready--
Why Slim don't even try:
Tomorrow night's another night,
And He'll get 'em, bye 'n' bye;

'Cause He's

An icy wind on Hastings Street;
He's a shadow in the rain;
He's a slug in a jug of baysie rum,
A thought in a fevered brain;

He's the shabby hope in a cap of dope;
He's a love that withered and died;
He's oblivion bought, if you don't get caught;
He's goddam-it-to-hell-I-tried;

He's a boot to the head in the City Jail;
He's too many bridges burned;
He's the up-too-tight-can't-sleep-at-night
Of too little, too late, returned....

He's the sordid gloom of a two-buck room,
And you can feel him waitin' near:
A piece of the night just out of sight;
A gut-full of nameless Fear....

And just before the mornin' grey
Pre-empt's the night time sky,
It Just may be that you, (or me)
Have found a place to die.

The Coppers never see Him;
He's much too slick and sly--
But you dope-fiends, rubs, and workin' girls,
You'll meet Him bye 'n' bye....

Warning

When I am an old woman I shall wear purple
 With a red hat which doesn't go, and doesn't suit me,
 And I shall spend my pension on brandy and summer gloves
 And satin sandals, and say we've no money for butter.
 I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm tired
 And gobble up samples in shops and press alarm bells,
 And run my stick along the public railings
 And make up for the sobriety of my youth.
 I shall go out in my slippers in the rain
 And pick the flowers in other people's gardens
 And learn to spit.

You can wear terrible skirts and grow more fat
 And eat three pounds of sausages at a go
 Or only bread and pickle for a week
 And hoard pens and pencils and beermats and things in boxes.

But now we must have clothes that keep us dry
 And pay the rent and not swear in the street
 And set a good example for the children.
 We must have friends to dinner and read the papers.
 But maybe I ought to practise a little now?
 So people who know me are not too shocked and surprised.
 When suddenly I am old and start to wear purple.

Written by Jenny Joseph
 Submitted Linda B.

Carol

There is a boy bedded in bracken,
 Like to a sleeping snake all curled he lay,
 On his thin navel turned this spinning sphere,
 Each feeble finger fetched seven suns away,
 He was not dropped in good-for-lambing weather,
 He took no suck when shook buds sing together,
 But he has come in cold-as-workhorse weather,
 Poor as a Salford child.

Written by John Short
 Submitted by Linda B.

21

People and Me

I look at all the people and all the smiling faces,
I listen to the languages and all the different races,
I watch their every movement in every step they take
I hear all their noises in every sound they make.

The room is very cold and I do not make a sound,
The sun is shining brightly and there are flowers on the ground,
It's not this room or sun, it's people that I fear
To know that they're coming and getting very near.

I must always try to hide if I do not want to cry
And I'll always be afraid because I do not want to die
If they'll only understand I will hurt no one
I'll go out into this world and enjoy the open sun.

I am only small and the people have control
To take away my home, body, and soul,
They do not realize the feelings of a friend
It hurts me more than ever to know it is the end.

I'll have to understand that the people on this land
Know what they're saying and know where they stand
And I've got to try, and make them accept
That the thoughts in my mind move another step.

Submitted by
Pat. S.

GOOD-BYE TO VANIER

You can take all
The tea in China
Put it all in a big
Brown paper bag
And drop it smack
Dab in the middle
Of the seventh sea!
'Cause I'm on my
Way to FREEDOM!

Vanier.....I'm FREE!

Heather McL.

32

TON PASSÉ

Car tu as un passé, toi aussi!
Un grand passé plein de bonheur et de peines.
Dire que cette tête est pleine de vieilles joies,
de vieux soucis, de mille visions où je n'y suis pour rien!
Redis-les moi toutes ces choses cent fois dites.
Tes souvenirs, je ne les sais pas encore bien.
Ah! derrière tes yeux, cette nuit de mystère!
Ainsi, c'est vrai qu'il fut un temps
où, quelque part, tu gambadais dans la lumière?
Explique: En ce temps là, qu'est ce que tu faisais?
Qu'est ce que tu pensais? Qu'est ce que tu disais?
Que se passait-il dans ta vie?

Tous ces gens qui t'entourent, ce sont des gens qui te
qui te connurent avant moi,
C'est eux qui t'ont donné la main et qui t'ont prêté leur épaule.
D'autres n'ont pas su te rendre heureux,
Ni te faire connaître le bonheur et l'amour.
L'Amour, tu ne le cherches pas,
Tu t'enferme en toi-même et tu attends que tout ça te tombe du ciel!
Hélas! Pourquoi tous ces gens là ne m'ont pas laissé ce rôle?

J'aurais tant aimé t'emporter loin, toute seule,
Te faire connaître le vrai bonheur, l'Amour.....
Je crois que j'aurais bien su t'apprendre tout ça....

Micheline P.

MY DREAM OF LOVE AND FREEDOM

Je n'ai que 4 mois à passer dans cette prison. C'est alors
que mon sens de liberté va s'épanouir, faisant craquer toutes les
ordres et la routine des journées et l'obligation d'être là à
l'heure fixe.

Le jour j'irai comme un flot lorsque j'ouvrirai les portes de
cette prison pour aller rejoindre mes amis. Je vais trembler, je
vais fondre en larmes.

Puis, le matin suivant, je me lèverai fraîche et dispose après
une belle nuit d'amour.

Je ne veux pas être admirée, je veux donner, je veux la soli-
tude pour y déployer en paix mes possessions. Le jour de ma sortie
un homme me choisira entre toutes pour me dire ce qu'il n'a jamais
dit à personne. Il trouvera en moi un mérite, une qualité
particulière.

Je tremble, je frémis, tandis qu'assise sur le rebord de mon
lit je balance les pieds en pensant à ce beau jour qui sera pour
moi le plus beau de ma vie, le jour de ma libération!

Micheline P.

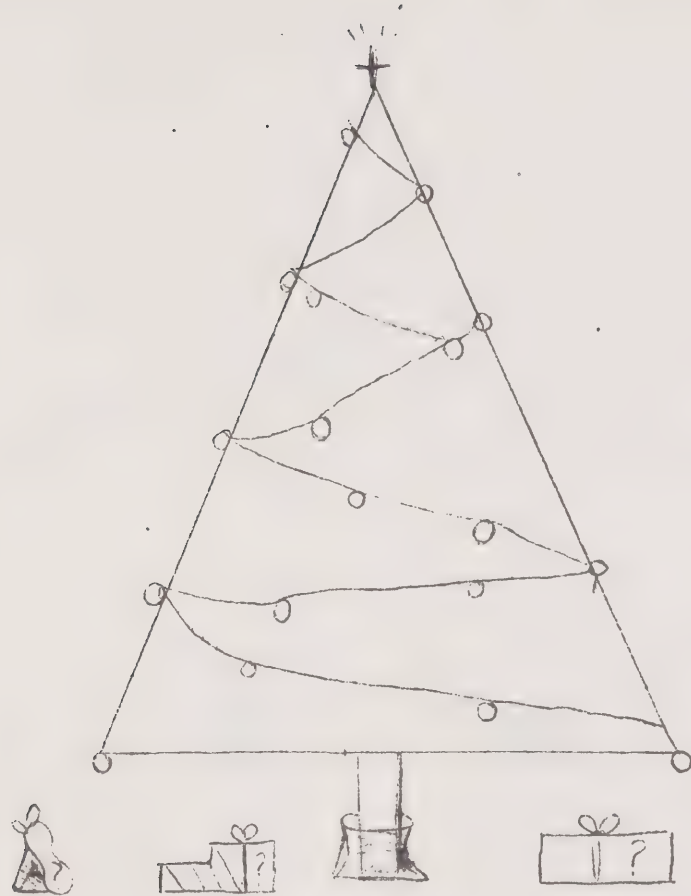


Kathy B.

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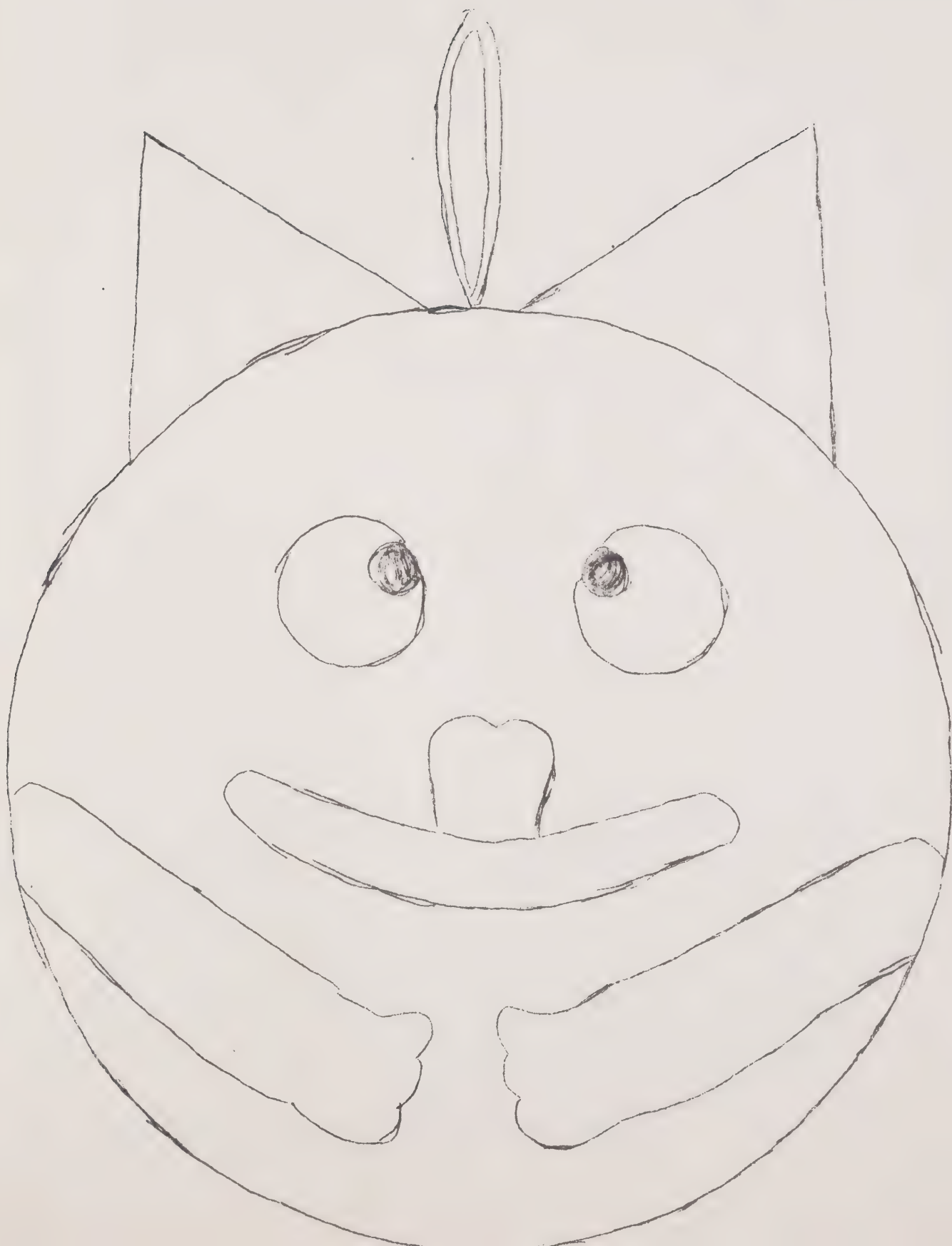
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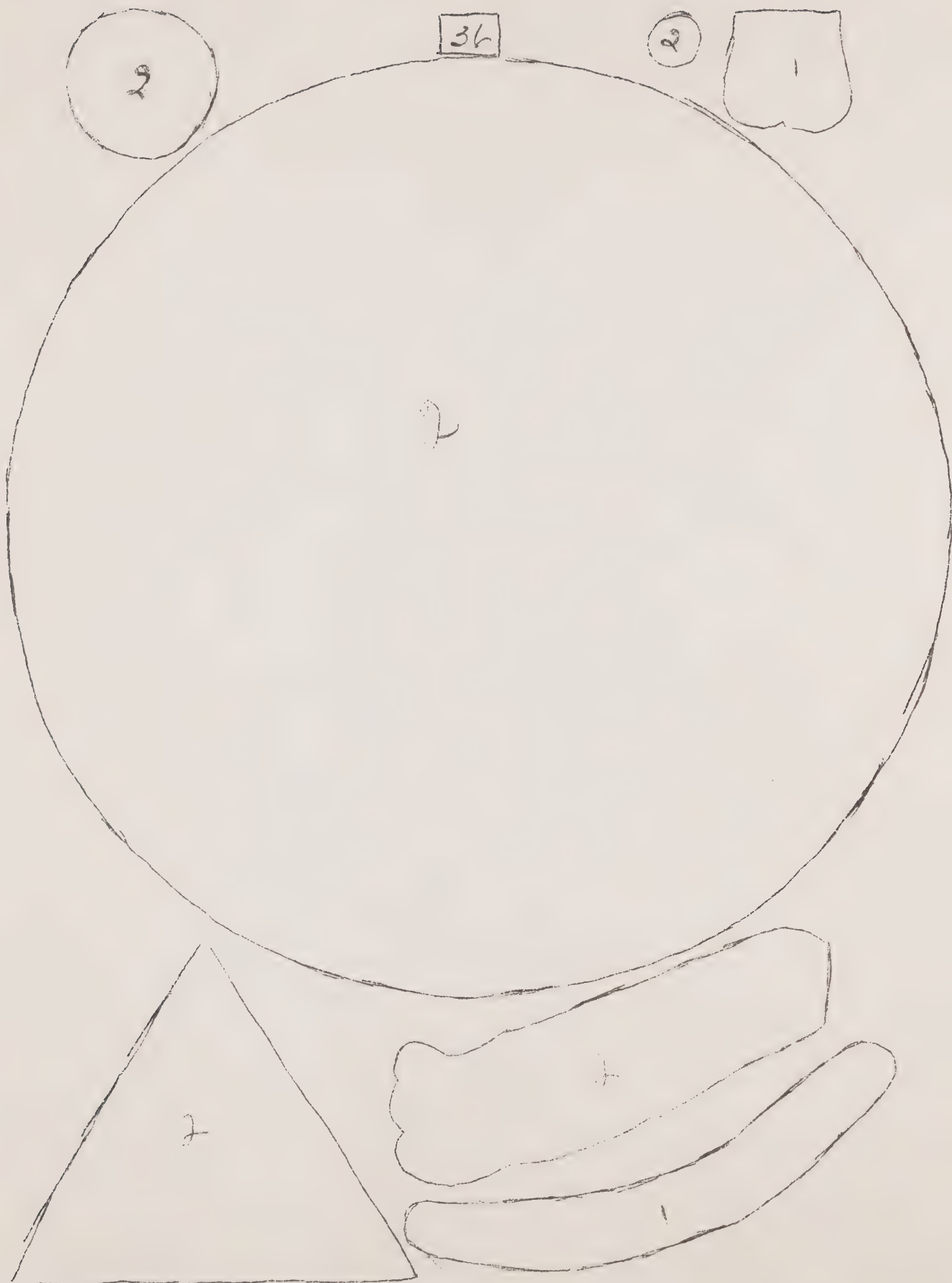
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THINGS FOR
CHRISTMAS

35



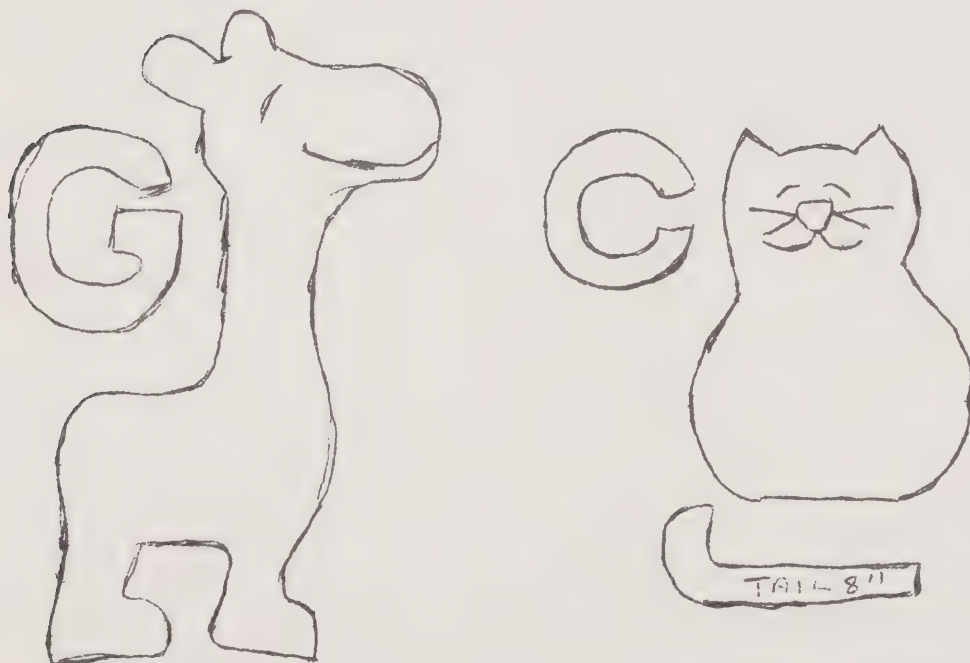


KITTY

BODIES ARE 5" DIAMETER CIRCLES OF FELT, SEWN TOGETHER AND STUFF WITH FOAM.

FEATURES EARS, HANDS, EYES ETC, ARE CUT FROM FELT AND GLUED ON

PILLOW CASE WITH PAJAMA POUCH
GIRAFFE PUSSY CAT



Body 10" HIGH. LETTER 3" HIGH Body 8"(H) LETTER 3"(H)

1. CUT GIRAFFE AND CAT FROM FABRIC SCRAPS.
2. PLACE DENIM FABRIC FLAT, RIGHT SIDE UP, PLACE APPLIQUE DEAD CENTRE AND PIN OR - BASTE IN PLACE AS THAT WILL BECOME THE - PILLOWCASE FRONT.

- 3) STITCH APPLIQUE TO PILLOWCASE AS DIRECTED OR SEW ON BY MACHINE.
- 4) FROM APPLIQUE AND CASE TO REMOVE WRINKLES.
- 5) WITH RIGHT SIDE OF APPLIQUE IN CENTRE, FOLD ONE END OF FABRIC SO THAT IT COVERS ONE HALF OF THE APPLIQUE. TAKE OPPOSITE END OF FABRIC AND SO THAT IT OVERLAPS FIRST END BY 3" TO 4" TO FORM PJAMA POUCH.
- 6) STITCH SIDES, LEAVING $\frac{1}{2}$ " SEAMS.
- 7) TURN CASE RIGHT SIDE OUT. STUFF PILLOW INTO CASE.

MATERIALS

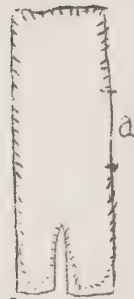
WASHABLE BRUSHED DENIM IN COLOUR OF YOUR CHOICE, ENOUGH FOR PIECE APPROX. 16" WIDE BY 42" LONG; SCRAPS OF COLOURFUL, WASHABLE FABRIC. INFANTS SIZE PILLOW 14" X 16" OR 14 X 18".

JEWELLAY BOX

TAKE KLEENEX OR TEA BOYES AND COVER THE WITH BRIGHT COLOURED PAPER, AS WITH COLOUR VELVET AND BRAIDS ~~DA~~ RIBBON AND CHANGE THEM INTO HOBBY-SHOP BOXES. FOR MOM OR GRAM FOR XMAS. WITH THIS IDEA ONLY IN BROWNS AND BLACK WITH GUNS PICTURES FOR DAD, BROTHER ETC.

3.3





a. opening
Fig. 8



a. corners gathered
up for ears
Fig. 9



a. hard knob for
stuffing for nose
Fig. 10



Fig. 11

THE THREE BEARS

You will need:

4 oz. of 4 ply or double knitting wool in a speckled golden yellow will make the set of three; three No. 10 knitting needles (U.S. size No. 3); brown tapestry or embroidery wool; kapok for stuffing.

(Directions for Mother Bear and Baby Bear are given in the brackets).

Cast on 10(8;6) stitches.

Knit plain for $4\frac{1}{2}$ (3; $2\frac{1}{4}$) in.

Break off wool and leave sts. on needle.

Knit a second leg to match.

Knit both sets of sts. on to one needle, 20(16;12) sts.

Knit plain on these sts. for $14(10;7\frac{1}{2})$ in.

Divide for the legs and on the first 10(8;6) sts. knit $4\frac{1}{2}$ (3;2) in.

Cast off.

Rejoin wool to the remaining sts. and complete to match the first leg.

ARMS

Cast on 16(14;12) sts.

Knit plain for $3(2\frac{1}{2};2)$ in.

Cast off.

Knit a second arm to match.

MAKING UP

Fold the strip of knitting in half, right side inside.

For Father Bear put marker pins for the neck $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. from the fold.

(For Mother Bear mark 2 in. from the fold).

(For Baby Bear $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. from fold).

Oversew the head and leg seams and one side of the body, rounding off the leg corners for paws but not rounding off the head corners.

Leave one side open for stuffing (Fig. 8).

Turn it inside out.

Push the corners of the head well out and sew across the corners, gathering them slightly for ears (Fig. 9).

HEAD

Stuff the head firmly to make a good shape, and then push a hard ball of stuffing into the front of the face to form a nose (Fig. 10). Finish the rest of the stuffing as for the golliwog.

ARMS

Sew and stuff the arms. Do not stuff the arms too hard at the top and then they will hang at the sides instead of sticking out.

FEATURES

Embroider a square block of straight stitches for the nose and mouth. Embroider the eyes taking the wool from one to the other through the head and pulling slightly together to form features. Embroider lines in the ears to make them curl in, and straight lines for claws on each paw (Fig. 11).

4

Stuffed Tuna Rolls

- 8 rolls
- 1 - 7 oz. tin tuna, flaked
- 1/4 cup salad dressing
- 1 green pepper, diced
- 2 stalks celery, diced
- 1 onion, diced
- 1 cup yellow cheese, cubed

Hollow out rolls. Combine remaining ingredients. Stuff rolls. Wrap in aluminum foil. Bake at 350° for 30 minutes.

Beanburger

- 1/2 lb. bulk pork sausage
- 1/2 lb. ground beef
- 1 can (5 1/2 oz.) tomato paste
- 1/2 to 1 tsp. oregano
- salt and pepper to taste
- 1 can (14 oz.) beans with pork
- 6 hamburger buns, halved
- 1 cup grated mozzarella or Cheddar cheese

Brown ground pork and beef. Drain well. Add paste, seasonings and beans. Heat through. Spread mixture on buttered hamburger buns. Top with grated cheese. Broil for several minutes, until cheese melts. Makes 12 beanburgers.

Baked Apples

- 6 medium apples
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1/4 cup brown sugar

- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tbsp. butter

1. Wash and core apples. Score with a sharp pointed knife one-third of the way down to prevent skins from splitting. Place in baking dish.
2. Combine raisins, sugar, and cinnamon. Fill apple cavities. Dot with butter. Cover bottom of dish with hot water.
3. Bake in a moderate oven, 375°, 30 minutes or until tender. Baste occasionally. Makes 6 servings.

Variations: In place of raisins use mincemeat or cranberry sauce. Omit cinnamon.

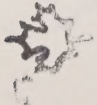
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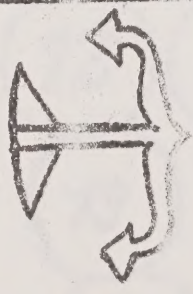
Kathy B.

PAYEE

00


 Canada, a very young but
 prominent country, was built
 by men of courage, determination,
 faith, hope and charity;
 let us remember!!

November 1974

	s	m	t	w	t	f	s
 Courage						1	2
 Determination	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
 Faith	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
 Hope	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
 Charity	24	25	26	27	28	29	30 me

101

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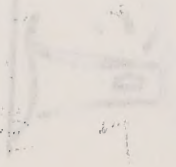
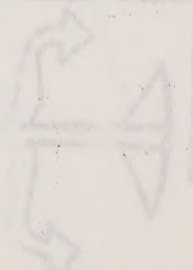
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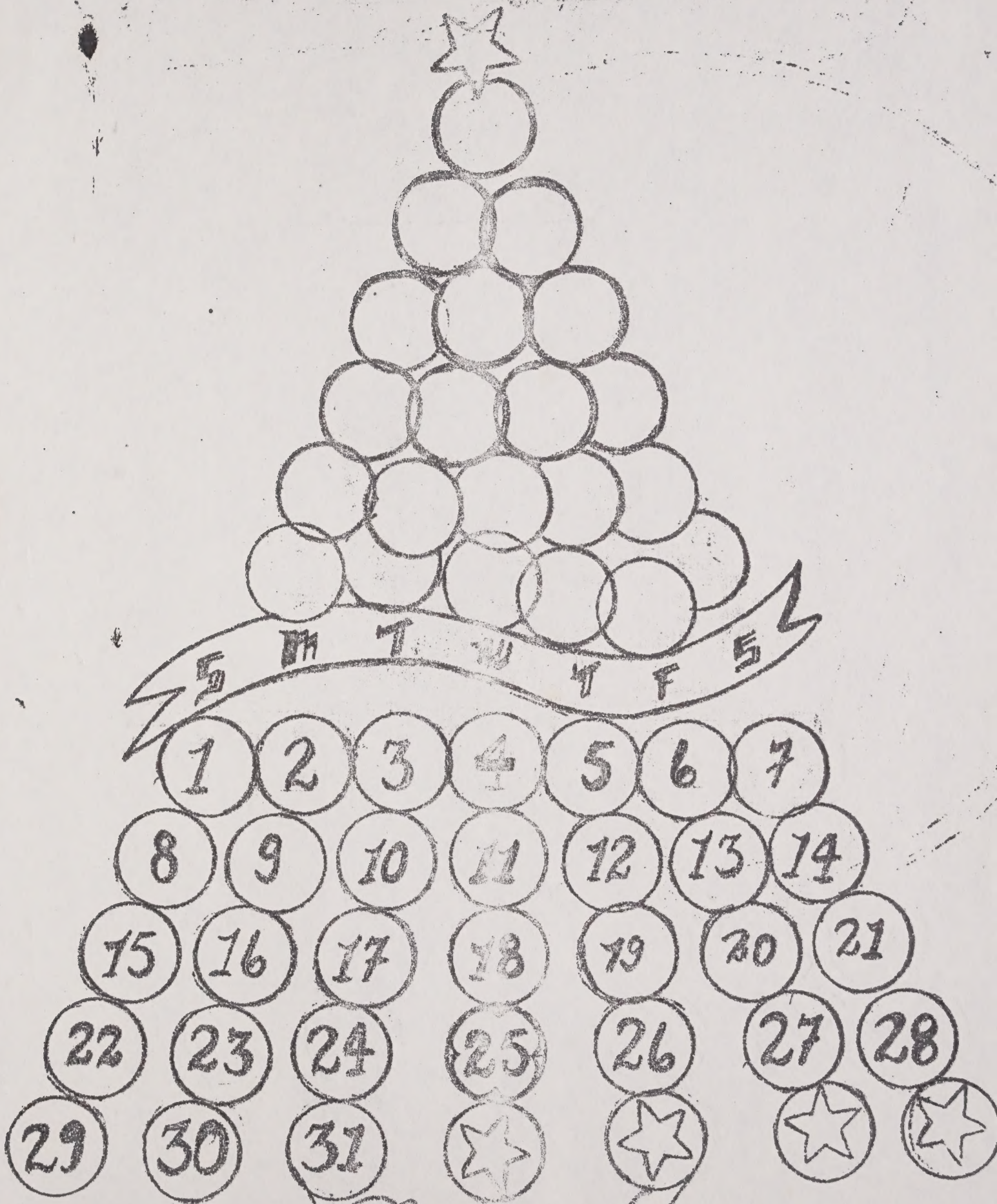
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Not enough per a, urban, D
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growth
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101



December 1944

home

